

















## MY HEART AND I.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.  
Enough! we're tired, my heart and I!  
We sit beside the hearthstone thus,  
And wish that name were carved for us.  
The moss reprints more tenderly  
The hard types of the mason's knife,  
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life  
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

II.  
You see we're tired, my heart and I!  
We deal with books, we trusted men,  
And in our own blood drenched the pen,  
As if such colors could not fly.  
We walked too straight for fortune's end,  
We loved too true to keep a friend,  
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

III.  
How tired we feel, my heart and I!  
We seem of no use in the world;  
Our fancies hang gray and uncurled  
About men's eyes indifferently;  
Our voice which thrilled you so, will let  
You sleep; our tears are only wet,  
What do we here, my heart and I?

IV.  
So tired, so tired, my heart and I!  
It is not this that old time  
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime  
To watch the sunset from the sky.  
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said,  
"I'm smiling at him, shook my head,  
I'm now we're tired, my heart and I."

V.  
So tired, so tired, my heart and I!  
Though now none take me on his arm  
To fold me close and kiss me warm  
Till each quick breath and in a sigh  
Of happy languor. Now alone,  
We lean upon this graveyard stone,  
Unheeded, unloved, my heart and I.

VI.  
Tired out we are, my heart and I.  
Suppose the world brought diadems  
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems  
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.  
We scarcely care to look at even  
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,  
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

VII.  
Yet who complains? My heart and I?  
In this abundant earth no doubt  
Is little room for things worn out;  
Deplain them, break them, throw them by!  
And if before the days grew rough  
We were loved, used—well enough  
I think, we're tired, my heart and I.

## THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "DANIEL'S HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EVERETS," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN INTERRUPTED DINNER.

Have you ever observed a large lake on the approach of a sudden storm?—its unnatural stillness, so death-like and ominous, its underflow of angry risings, which you know are gathering there, though not yet apparent on the surface, its dull, booming sound, as of a warning whisper—and then the angry bursting forth of fury when the storm has come?

Not imply the cloisters of Hildon-leigh be compared to such, that day, when the college boys were let out of school at one o'clock. A strange rumor had been passed about amid the dears—not reaching that at which the seniors—a rumor which shook the equanimity of the school to its centre; and, when one o'clock struck, the boys, instead of clattering out with all the noise of which their legs and limes were capable, stole down the stairs in quiet, and formed into groups of whispers in the cloisters. It was the ominous calm that precedes a storm.

So very unusual a state of affairs was noticed by the senior boy.

"What's up now?" he asked them, in the phrasing in vogue there and elsewhere. "Are you all going to a funeral? I hope it's your sins that you are about to bury!"

A heavy silence answered him. Gaunt could not make it out. The other three seniors, attracted by the scene, came back, and waited with Gaunt. By that time the calm was being broken by low murmurings, just like the first threatened rising of the stormy waters, and certain distinct words came from more than one of the groups.

"What do you say?" burst forth Tom Channing, darting forward as the words caught his ear. "You, Jackson! speak up, what is it?"

Not Jackson's voice in particular, but several other voices grew then; a word from one, a word from another, half sentences, disjointed hints forming together an unimpeachable whole.

"The theft of old Galloway's banknote has been traced to Arthur Channing!"

"Who says it? Who dares to say it?" flashed Tom, his face on fire, and his hand clenched.

"The police say it, Batty says it."

"Whew!" retorted Pierce senior, "I've think I am afraid. I say that Arthur Channing stole the note lost by old Galloway."

Tom, in his uncontrollable temper, raised his hand and struck him. One half minute's struggle, nothing more, and Pierce senior was sprawling on the ground, while Tom Channing's cheek and nose were bleeding. Gaunt had stepped between them.

"I stop this," he said. "Pierce, get up! don't lie there like a floundering donkey. Channing, what possessed you to forget yourself?"

"You would have done the same, Gaunt, had the insult been offered to you. Let the fellow retract his words, or prove them."

"Very good. That is how you ought to have met it at first," said Gaunt. "Now, Mr. Pierce, can you make good your assertion?"

Pierce had floundered up, and was rubbing one of his long legs, which had got doubled under him in the fall, while his brother, Pierce junior, was collecting an armful of scattered books, and whispering prognostications of parental vengeance in prospective; for, so sure as Pierce senior got into a fight at school, to the damage of his face or his clothes, so sure was it followed up by punishment at home.

"If you want proof, go to Butterby at the police place, and get it from him," suddenly replied Pierce, who was of a sulky temper as well as a pugnacious one.

"Look here," interrupted Mark Galloway, springing to the front; "Pierce was a fool to bring it out in that way, but I'll speak up, now it has come to this. I went into my uncle's this morning, at nine o'clock, and there was he, shut in with Butterby. Butterby was saying that there was no doubt the theft had been committed by Arthur Channing. Mind, Channing, Mark added, turning to Tom, 'I am not seconding the accusation on my own score; but that Butterby said it, I'll declare.'"

"Is that all?" cried Tom Channing, lifting his head with a haughty gesture, and not condescending to notice the blood which trickled from his cheek. "You must have misunderstood him, boy."

"No, I did not," replied Mark Galloway. "I heard him as plainly as I hear you now."

"It is hardly likely Butterby would say that before you, Galloway," observed Gaunt. "Ah, but he did not see I was there, or my uncle either," said Mark. "When he is reading his newspaper of a morning, he can't hear a noise, and I go into the room always as quiet as mischief. He turned me out again pretty quick. I can tell you; but not till I had heard Butterby say that."

"You must have misunderstood," returned Gaunt, carelessly taking up Tom Channing's notion; "and you had no right to blurt out such a thing to the school. Arthur Channing is better known and trusted than you, Mr. Mark."

"I didn't accuse Arthur Channing to the school. I only repeated to my desk what Butterby said."

"It is that 'only repeating' which does three parts of the mischief in this world," said Gaunt, giving the boys a little touch of morality gratis, to their intense edification. "As to you, Pierce senior, you'll get more than you bargain for, some of these days, if you poke your ill-conditioned nose into other people's business, like you are in the habit of doing."

Tom Channing had strode away towards his home, his head erect, his step ringing firmly and proudly on the cloister flags. Charles ran by his side. But Charles's face was white, and Tom caught sight of it.

"What are you looking like that for?"

"Tom! you don't think it's true, do you?"

Tom turned his scorn upon the boy.

"You uncommon idiot! True! A Channing turn thief? For my part, perhaps it's best known to yourself—but never Arthur."

"I don't mean that. I mean, can't it be true that the police suspect him?"

"Oh! that's what your face becomes milk for! You ought to have been born a girl, Miss Charles. If the police do suspect him, what of that?—they'll only get the tables turned upon them. Butterby might come out and say he suspects me of murder! Should I care? No, I'd prove my innocence, and make him eat his words."

"They were drawing near home," Charles looked up at his brother.

"You must wipe your face, Tom."

Tom took out his handkerchief, and gave his face a rub. In his indignation, his carelessness, he would have done nothing of the sort, had he not been reminded by the boy.

"Is it all?"

"Yes, it's all. I am not sure but it will break out again. You must take care."

"Oh, brother! let it. I should like to have pointed out that Pierce senior as he deserves. Some coin of the same sort would do Galloway no harm. Were I senior of the school, and Arthur not my brother, Mr. Mark should hear a little home truth about sneaks."

He told him in private, as it is; but I can't put him out for punishment, or set in it as Gaunt could."

"Arthur is our brother, therefore, we feel it more pointedly than Gaunt can," seriously remarked Charles.

"I'd advise you not to spell forth that sentimental rubbish, though you are a young lady," retorted Tom. "A senior boy, if he does his duty, should make every boy's case his own, and 'feel for him.'"

"Tom," said the younger and more thoughtful of the two, "don't let us say anything of this at home."

"Conciliated Tom, somewhat mollified, 'or before my father, either; but catch me keeping it from the rest.'"

As Charles had partially foretold, they had barely entered, when Tom's face again became ornate with crimson. Annabel shrieked out, startling Mr. Channing on his sofa. Mrs. Channing, as it happened, was not present; Constance was. Lady Augusta York and her daughters were spending part of the day in the country, therefore Constance had come home at twelve.

"Look at Tom's face!" cried the child.

"What has he been doing? Look! look! it will drop on to his shirt!"

"Hold your tongue, little stupid!" returned Tom, hastily bringing his handkerchief into use again; which, being a white one, made the worst sight of the two, with its bright red stains. "It nothing but a scratch."

But Annabel's eyes were sharp, and she had taken full view of the hurt. "Tom, you have been fighting! I am sure of it!"

"Come to me, Tom," said Mr. Channing. "Have you been fighting?" he demanded, as Tom crossed the room in obedience, and stood close to him. "Take your handkerchief away that I may see your face."

"It could not be called a fight, papa," said Tom, holding his cheek so that the light from the window fell full upon the hurt—"One of the boys offended me, I hit him, and he gave me this; then I knocked him down, and there it ended. It's only a scratch."

"Thomas, was this Christian conduct?"

"I don't know, papa. It was school boys'."

Mr. Channing, in a depressed tone, replied: "I know it was a schoolboy's conduct; that is bad enough; and it is my son's, that is worse."

"If I had given him what he deserved, he would have got ten times as much; and perhaps I should, for my temper was up, only Gaunt put in his interference. When I am senior, my policy of rule will be different from what Gaunt's is."

"Ah, Tom! your 'temper up'! It is that temper of yours which brings you harm. What was the quarrel about?"

"I would rather not tell you, papa. Not for my own sake," he added, turning his honest eyes fearlessly on his father; "but I could not tell it without betraying something about somebody, which it may be as well to keep in."

"After that flimsy explanation, you had better go and get some warm water for your face," said Mr. Channing. "I will speak with you later."

Constance followed him from the room, volunteering to procure the warm water. They were standing in Tom's chamber afterwards, Tom bathing his face, and Constance looking on, when Arthur, who had then come in from Mr. Galloway's, passed by to his own room.

"Hallo!" he cried out; "what's the matter, Tom?"

"Such a row!" answered Tom; "and I wish I could have pitched into Pierce senior as I'd have liked. What do you think, Arthur? The school were taking up the notion that you—you!—had stolen old Galloway's bank note. Pierce senior had set it on foot, that is, he and Mark Galloway together—Mark said a word, and Pierce said two, and so it went on. I should have paid Pierce out but for Gaunt."

A silence. It was filled up by the sound of Tom splashing the water on his face, and by that only. Arthur spoke presently, his tone so calm a one as to be almost unnatural.

"How did the notion arise?"

Mark Galloway said he heard Butterby talking with his uncle, that Butterby said the theft could only have been committed by Arthur Channing. Mark Galloway's ears must have played him false; but it was a regular sneak's trick to come and repeat it, for he, in the school, I say, Constance, is my face clean now?"

Constance woke up from a reverie to look at his face.

"Quite clean," she answered.

He dried his hands, gave a glance at his shirt front in the glass which had, however, escaped drenching, brushed his hair, and went down stairs. Arthur closed the door, and turned to Constance. Her eyes were seeking his, and her lips stood apart.

The terrible fear which had fallen upon them both the previous day had not yet been spoken out between them. It must be spoken now.

"Constance, there is tribulation before us," he whispered. "We must school ourselves to bear it, however difficult the task may prove. Whatever betide the rest of us, suspicion must be averted from *him*."

"What tribulation do you mean?" she gasped.

"The affair has been placed in the hands of the police, and I believe I believe Arthur spoke with agitation, 'that they will publicly investigate it. Constance, they suspect. The college school is right, and Tom is wrong.'"

Constance leaned against a chest of drawers to steady herself, and pressed her hand upon her shrinking face.

"How have you learnt it?"

"I have gathered it from different trifles, one fact and another. Jackson and Butterby was with him this morning, asking questions about me. Butterby that I should be suspected than Hamish. God help me to bear it!"

"Oh, what could possess him?" she uttered, wringing her hands, "what could possess him? Arthur, is there not a loophole, not the faintest loophole to hope in his innocence?"

"None that I see. No one whatever had access to the letter but Hamish and I. He must have yielded to the temptation in a moment of delirium, knowing the money would clear him from some of his pressing debts—as it has done."

"How could he have the risk of detection?"

"I don't know. My head aches pondering over it. I suppose he concluded that the suspicion would fall upon the post office. It would have fallen on it but for that seal, placed on the letter afterwards. What an unfortunate thing it was that Roland York mentioned there was money inside the letter in the hearing of Hamish!"

"Did he mention it?" exclaimed Constance.

"He said there was a twenty pound note in the letter, going to the cousin Galloway, and Hamish remarked that he wished it was going into his pocket instead. I said, 'Arthur uttered, in a sort of frenzy, 'I had lock of the letter up there and then.'"

Constance clasped her hands in pain.

"I fear he may have been going wrong for some time," she breathed. "It has come to my knowledge, through Judith, that he sits up for hours night after night, doing some thing to the books. Arthur," she shivered, glancing fearfully round, "I hope those accounts are right?"

The doubt, thus given utterance to, blanch even the cheeks of Arthur.

"Sits up at the books?" he exclaimed.

"He sits up, that is certain, and at the books, as I conclude. He takes them into his room at night. It may only be that he has not time, or does not make time, to go over them in the day. It may be."

"I trust it is, I pray it may be. Mind you, Constance, our duty is plain: to screen him, to screen him at any sacrifice to ourselves, for the father and mother's sake."

"Sacrifice to you, you ought to say. Oh, what were our other light troubles compared with this? Arthur, will they publicly accuse you?"

"It may come; I have been steeling myself all the morning to meet it."

He looked into her face as he said it. Constance could see how his brow and heart were aching. At that moment they were called to dinner, and Arthur turned to leave the room. Constance caught his hand, the tears raining from her eyes.

"Arthur," she whispered, "in the very darkest trouble, God can comfort us. He assured He will comfort you."

Hamish did not make his appearance at dinner, and they sat down without him. This was not so very unusual as to cause surprise; he was occasionally detained at the office.

The meal was about half over, when Annabel, in her disregard of the bounds of discipline, suddenly started from her seat and flew to the window.

"Charles, here are two policemen waiting here! Whatever can they want?"

"Perhaps to take you," said Mrs. Channing, peeringly. "A short season at the treadmill, might be of great service to you, Annabel."

The announcement had struck upon the ear and memory of Tom.

"Policemen?" he exclaimed, standing up in his place, and stretching his neck on high to obtain a view of them. "Why, if I never can be, that old Butterby—Arthur, what do you say?"

A sensitive, refined nature, he implanted in most of woman, almost sure to betray its emotions on the countenance. Such a nature was Arthur Channing's. Now that the dread had really come, every drop of blood forsake his cheeks and lips, leaving his face a ghastly whiteness. He was utterly unable to control or help this, and it was this pallor which had given rise to Tom's concluding explanation.

Mr. Channing looked at Arthur, Mrs. Channing looked at him, they all looked at him, except Constance, and she had her hand clapped over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of her own face, and its shuddering terror.

"Are you ill, Arthur?" inquired his father.

A low, brief reply came, inexpressive for calmness.

"No, sir?"

Instantly Tom, forgetting caution, forgot time all save the instant actually present, gave utterance to words that were wise and true.

"Arthur, you are never hearing what those school-boy fellows say! The police are not come to arrest you. Butterby suggested such a belief."

But the police were in the hall, and Judith had come to the front room door.

"Master Arthur, you are wanted, please!"

the consternation of those assembled at it—Mr. Channing, whose sofa, wheeled to the table, took up the end opposite his wife, gazing around with a puzzled, stern expression.

Mrs. Channing glanced behind her with a sense of undefined dread; the pale, convulsive countenances of Arthur and Constance—Tom standing up in haughty impetuosity, defiant of everybody; the lively terror of Charles's face, as he clung to Arthur, and the wide opened eyes of Annabel, expressive of nothing but surprise—for it took a vast deal to alarm that careless young lady, while, at the door, holding it open for Arthur, stood Judith in her mob-cap, full of curiosity, and behind her, the two policemen. A scene, in deed that of Wilkie, in the zenith of his power, would have rejoiced to paint.

Arthur, battling fiercely with his outraged pride, and breathing an inward prayer for strength to go through with his task, for justice to endure, put Charles from him, and went out to the hall. He saw not what was immediately around him—the inquiring looks of his father and mother, the necessity of some explanation to them; he saw not Judith and her curious face. A scale was, as it were before his eyes, blinding them to all outward influences, save one—the officers of justice standing there, and the purpose for which they had come.

"What on earth has happened, Master Arthur?" whispered Judith, as he passed her, frowning the old servant with his pale, scared face. But he neither heard nor answered, he walked straight up to the men.

"I will go with you quietly," he said to them, in an under tone. "Do not make a disturbance, to alarm my mother."

We cannot always have our senses about us, as the phrase goes. Some of us, I fear, enjoy that privilege but rarely, and the very best lose them on occasions. But that Arthur Channing was totally uncollected, he would not have pursued a line of conduct in that critical moment, which was liable to be construed into an admission, or, at least, a consciousness of guilt. In his anxiety to avert suspicion from Hamish, he lost sight of the precautions necessary to guard himself, as far as was practicable. And yet he had spent time that morning thinking over what his manner, his bearing must be, if it came to this! Had it come upon him unexpectedly, he would have met it very differently, with far less outward calmness, but most probably with indignant denial.

"I will go with you quietly," he said to the men.

"All right, sir," they answered, with a knowing nod, and a conviction that he was a cool hand and a guilty one. "It's always best not to resist the law—it never does us good."

He need not have resisted, but he ought to have waited until they asked him to go. A dim perception of this had already begun to steal over him. He was taking his hat from its place in the hall, when the voice of Mr. Channing came ringing on his ear.

"Arthur, what is this? Give me an explanation!"

Arthur turned back to the room, passing through the sea of faces to get there—for all, save his helpless father, had come from their seats to gather round, and about that strange mystery in the hall, and try to fathom it. Mr. Channing gave one long, keen glance at Arthur's face, which was very unlike Arthur's usual face, just then; for all its candor seemed to have gone out of it. He did not speak to him, he called in one of the men.

"Will you tell me your business here?" he asked, contemptuously.

"Don't you know it, sir?" was the reply.

"No, I do not," replied Mr. Channing.

"Well, sir, it is a unpleasant accusation as is brought against this young gentleman. But perhaps he'll be able to make it clear. I hope he will. I don't give us no pleasure when folks are convicted, especially young ones and these we have always known for respectable, well rather see 'em let off."

Tom interrupted. Tom, in his fiery indignation.

"Is it of stealing that bank note, lost by Galloway, that you accuse my brother?" he asked, speaking indelicately in his haste and passion.

"You have said it, sir," replied the man.

"Then I say that whoever accuses him ought to be hanged!"

"Silence, Thomas, interrupted Mr. Channing. "Annoy me to death with this. Who brings this accusation against my son?"

"We got our orders from Mr. Butterby, sir. He's asking for Mr. Galloway. He was waiting for him early this morning."

"Have you come for my son to go with you to Mr. Galloway's?"

"Not there, sir. We have got to take him straight to the police office. The two constables are waiting to hear the case."

A hurried pause. Even Mr. Channing's heart, with all its implicit faith in the truth and honor of his children, beat as if it would burst its bounds. "I don't hear it," but it was within desire to—policemen! policemen as he had pitched into Pierce senior in the cloisters.

Mr. Channing turned to Arthur.

"You have an answer to this, my son?"

The question was not replied to. Mr. Channing spoke again with the same calm emphasis.

"Arthur, you can easily find your own answer."

Arthur Channing felt the very worst thing that could have come to him. He had been so used to only a ready and ready reply. He had been so used to only a ready and ready reply. He had been so used to only a ready and ready reply.

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"Arthur!" he wailed out, in a tone of intense agony, "you are innocent!"

"Yes," replied Arthur, gulping down his rising breath, his rising words. Impassioned words of exultation, of innocence, of truth they had bubbled up within him—were hovering on the tip of his impatient tongue—on the verge of his burning lips. He did not beat them down again and swallow them, but he never knew afterwards how he did it.

Better that he had been still silent, than speak that dubious, indecisive "Yes." It told terribly against him. One, conscious of his own innocence does not proclaim it in indistinct, shuffling words. Tom's mouth dropped with dismay, and his astonished eyes seemed as if they could not take themselves off Arthur's vacillating face. Mrs. Channing staggered against the wall, with a faint cry.

The policeman spoke up, he meant to be friendly. In all Hildon-leigh there was not a family more respected than were the Channings, and the man felt a passing sorrow for his task.

"I wouldn't ask no questions, sir, if I was you. Sometimes it's best not they tell against the accused."

"The time's up," called out the one who was in the hall, to his fellow. "We can't stop here all day."

The hint was taken at once, both by Arthur and the man. Constance had kept her still throughout, by main force, but Mrs. Channing could not see him go away like this. She rose and threw her arms round him, in a burst of hysterical feeling, sobbing out.

"My boy! my boy!"

"Don't, mother! don't unnerve me!" he whispered. "It is bad enough as it is."

"But you cannot be guilty, Arthur?"

For answer, he looked straight into her eyes for a single moment. His habitual expression had come back to them again—the earnest of confiding truth, which she had ever known and trusted. It spoke calm to her heart now.

"You are innocent," she murmured—"Then go in peace."

Annabel broke into a loud storm of shrieks and sobs. "Oh, Judith! will they hang him? will they hang him? What is it that he has done?"

"I'll hang them two, policemen, if I don't what I should like to do," responded Judith.

"Yes, you two, I mean," she added, with scant ceremony, as the officials turned round at the words. "If I had my will, I'd hang you both up to two of them in the tree, right in front of one another. Coming to a gentleman's house on this errand?"

"Do not drag me through the streets ignominiously," said Arthur to his keepers. "I give you my word to make no resistance. I will go to the Guildhall, or anywhere else that you please, as freely as if I were bound thither on my own pleasure. You need not let it be seen that I am in custody."

They saw that they might trust him. One of the policemen went over to the opposite side of the way, as if pacing his beat; the other, followed by the side of Arthur, not too closely, not











## Wit and Humor.

### PULL ARMSTRONG, PULL ADMIRALTY. A PROBABLE CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

1860. Mr. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents *Rimed Ordnance* that will knock any ship to pieces. He is knighted, and the Admiralty is delighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents iron ships that will resist any known cannon balls.

1862. Mr. William Armstrong invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ship into black smithy. The Admiralty collapses.

1863. The Admiralty re-expands, and invents *Platina Ships* fastened with diamond cement, and Sir William Armstrong's balls fly to pieces like iron bolts.

Mr. Gladstone doubles the Income Tax.

1864. Sir William Armstrong invents *Brass Thunderbolts* (supposed to be the original Jupiters), and in a pleasing experiment sends the greater part of the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea.

1865. The Admiralty invents *Torpedo vessels*, which sail under water, and below any range of guns. Sir William Armstrong tears his hair, and swears in the Newcastle dialect.

1866. Sir William Armstrong invents a *Vertical gun*, that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second time he destroys the greater part of the British Fleet. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them, and they don't.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income Tax.

1867. Dr. Cumming, who has for some weeks been having in his coils by the neck only, suddenly proclaims the Millennium. As there is now to be peace everywhere, the Admiralty does not invent anything, but waits to see.

In order to test Dr. Cumming's veracity, and to find out whether lions will lie down with kids, the Zoological Society (against the advice of their excellent Secretary, Mr. Selater) lets loose their biggest lion while a charity school is in the gardens. As the lion, instead of lying down with a kid, only lies down to digest him, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new fleet.

Mr. Gladstone once more doubles the Income Tax.

1868. The Admiralty invents a *Stone Fleet*, with cork keels, and defies Sir William Armstrong.

1869. Sir William Armstrong invents the *Hannibal*, or *Alp-Shell*, which contains the strongest vinegar, and melts the Stone ships. Having for the third time destroyed the British Fleet, he is raised to the peerage as Lord Bomb.

1870. The Admiralty invents an *Aerial Fleet*, which sails in the clouds, out of shot range, and the First Lord takes a double sight at Sir William Armstrong.

Mr. Gladstone a fourth time doubles the Income Tax.

1871. Lord Bomb invents a *Balloon Bat* terying Train, and in an experimental discharge brings down all the British Fleet into the German Ocean.

1872. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a *Subterranean Fleet*, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the Colonies, but Mr. Gladstone blandly suggests that as every body now pays twice his income in taxes, the people may object to further imposts unless some proof of economy is given.

Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred supernumerary clerks, discharge some extra night porters at the Treasury, and bring in Estimates for the Subterranean Fleet.

1873. Lord Bomb invents his *Typhoons*, or *Earthquake Shells*, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tasmanian Tunnel.

Mr. Gladstone a fifth time doubles the Income Tax.

1874. The Emperor of the French proclaims the Millennium, which of course immediately occurs, no more war ships are wanted, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income Tax not yet due. Lord Bomb invents his *Volcano Fireworks*, in honor of the occasion, and by some accident burns up the Public.

**A CONFUSION OF COLORS.**—Old Judge Green met me the other day, and said, "Mr. Painter, I married my daughter last month."

"Ah," says I, "to whom?"

"Dr. Brown married her," rejoins he.

"Who was the clergyman?" inquired I.

"Rev. Mr. White married them," answers he.

"When were they married?" asks I.

"On Wednesday, the same day I married my wife," responded the Judge.

Now, among all these colors—Green, Brown and White—who married the quondam Miss Green? and how could my friend, the Judge, marry "his wife?"

**THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE.**—A Western steamer burst her boiler a few years since, and a gentleman found, on reaching the ground, that an iron bar, six feet long, had gone in at his stomach, and projected from his back. A surgeon informed him that if the bar remained it would cause mortification, and if it was removed it would cause him to bleed to death. "Science has its limits," remarked the doctor, "and you have your choice."

**A DISTINCTION.**—"Is Mr. — good?" said a bank officer to a director, the other day. "That depends whether you mean God-ward or man-ward," was the answer. "God-ward," continued the director, "Mr. — is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say that Mr. — is rather tricky."

## THE TAX BILL.

Some light-minded genius travesties the complicated requirements of the proposed national tax law, as follows:—

Snuff boxes are to pay a tax of \$1 per year.

For every pinch of snuff given to a friend, 5 cents.

For asking a friend to drink, 25 cents.

For playing billiards, 25 cents.

License to kill woodcock, \$5 a year.

Tax on mustaches, \$2 a month.

On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$5 a month.

For blowing the nose in the public streets, 75 cents.

In country roads, 50 cents.

License to shoot rabbits, \$1.

To shoot marbles, \$1. If "China allies" are used in the game, a further tax of 40 cents.

To play euchre, \$1 50. If the two bowers are held, a further tax of 50 cents.

Hurly-gurlys are to pay a tax of \$1 a tune.

Mocking birds, 75 cents.

To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents.

If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

License to peddle fire-wood, \$1 per month.

License to beg cold victuals, \$1 50.

License to gather bones, \$2.

**JUDICIAL.**

Every person taking an affidavit shall be assessed 25 cents.

Ordinary cursing and swearing to pay five cents an oath, and swearing to be measured by a *currometer* to be furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury.

**TO TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF CLOTHING.**

Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract was a young fop, with his garments highly scented with musk and cologne. A solemn, odd-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said:—

"Stranger, I know what'll take that smell out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what will take that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got foul of a skunk, and he—"

At this moment there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy vanished up stairs.

**THE FIGURES ON DURESS PARADE.**—Assuming an army of 600,000 men formed into line, single rank, they would show a front of 25 miles, allowing two feet to a man, which is rather close packing for free movements. We will counter-march one half—the right wing—and place them as a rear rank, (the usual formation), and we have a front of 114 miles, which distance they would require when marching in column of platoons. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection, if he had the appliances of a parallel railroad track and a fast locomotive, he may run down in front of the line in a quarter of an hour, and make a hasty review. If mounted on his charger, at a smart trot, it would require over a half hour. This respectable army, formed in hollow square, (in double rank), would be nearly three miles from side to side, showing on each front a fraction under three miles. The inclosure would contain about 5,760 acres, an area equal to some immense Indian corn-fields in Illinois. When marching in column, it would require a whole day, taking the thing easy, for the extreme left wing to reach the point left by the right wing in the early start. When we add the commissariat, artillery, ammunition, and other wheel transports, we must give the army two whole days before the left wing *disembark* from the starting point of the right wing. If this immense army were formed in solid square, allowing about four square feet for a man, they would cover about 150 acres, and form a block of bayonets a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. Estimating each man as carrying weight of musket, equipments, rations, &c., at fifty pounds, this army will have trudged along with 15,000 tons weight. Allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man, they consume 600 tons per day, and if they consume one quart of water per day, which is the best drink for an army, they consume 150,000 gallons—say 1,200 hog-heads—which is a clever sized shipload each day.

**OLD-TIME CORSETS.**—The corsets worn by the majority of females among the wealthier classes, are made on comparatively commendable principles, as contrasted with those donned by the generality of their humbler sisters, who prefer an article which sets at defiance every hygienic rule and law; but even these are an improvement on those worn by our grandmothers in their maiden days, for the stays of that period contained almost as much whalebone as they did buckram and jean; and in many instances were made entirely of heavy, solid *she leather*, nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. No wonder that the females of George the Third's time were a stiff-backed generation.

**SIN LEAVES ITS MARK.**—Mr. Gough says, "Boys, what you learn from bad habits, and in bad society, you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I would give my right hand to night if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society—if I could tear from my mind the things which I have seen and heard. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged or harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and by God's grace you may conquer it, but it will through life cause you bitterness and anguish."



## CABBY'S OPINION.

CAB DRIVER (after having received his legal fare, and not a cent over).—"Now, that's what I call the very worst sort of a 'woman's rights' woman!"

**SIR ISAAC NEWTON.**—The illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, when a boy at Grantham, introduced into the Grammar School there the flying of paper kites, and took great pains to ascertain their best forms and proportions, and the point at which the string should be attached to them. He also made paper lanterns for candles, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings; and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tails of kites in a dark night, so as to lead credulous people to believe his candles to be comets.

The Spiritualists have issued an edition of the Bible, revised and explained by the original writers, through a "medium."

## Agricultural.

### HOW FARMERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, Solon Robinson read the following letter from Cairo, Ill., dated April 22, 1862:

This age will be called heroic forever. Equally with the soldier will the farmer be honored, because he sustains the soldier. In every branch of business a slight change may produce astonishing results. Now, for the first time in the world's history, are farming interests controlled and guided by educated men.

In a recent number of The Illinois Farmer, printed at Springfield by M. L. Dunlap, Esq., is the most remarkable article that ever appeared in any agricultural paper, or in any publication whatever. It discusses the question, whether corn at 10 cents is profitable for feed. The conclusion reached is, that corn is the cheapest; but at 9 cents, corn would be of first quality, the wife should be at liberty to send to the corn crib. This will be new to most readers—it is equally new that corn will burn at all. I am informed that corn will burn at all. I am happy to say I have never seen it burn.

Nothing more than this is needed to show that we have raised too much grain. Most of the farmers know it, but every one is not persuaded what most profitably can be raised instead. This letter aims to supply the seeming want. The army fails to take a fort in a certain way; the plan is changed, and it is shown victoriously over fallen batteries and thousands of captives. In like manner is the farmer to change his plans—it is for him to conquer in the peaceful field. The outline of his plan should be, to plough less, to hoe more. "Ho! farmers, hoe!"

### COTTON.

In the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, this plant will be largely cultivated. Here, among the people, no seed can be had; usually it has rotted at the gins; now it is gathered up, and is going to be planted. But it can be obtained at all the stations. Let everybody try it; thousands are certain to succeed and to do well.

### TOBACCO.

On good soil it can be raised everywhere. Connecticut settled this question ten years ago, and every year since has raised a better article and got higher prices than Virginia has done. Those who have no more than half an acre of land should raise all they use. New, raw tobacco is not very good; it cankers the mouth, but give it a little age, and get used to it, and you will prefer it. You can easily press and improve it, and, if you will, chew, you will not be obliged to use what the slovenly slave has put up, a compound of stems, licorice, sand, and hair. It is going to be high; in the leaf it is worth over 10 cents now; it will be worth 20 cents within a year. It can be grown at a profit in any free state at 5 cents per pound. Tobacco planters have got rich at 4 cents.

Look out for breakers in the way of high prices and taxes, and reflect how better you can meet them than by raising tobacco. Let every man, even if he has to "stretch his conscience" a little, plant tobacco, for it always brings the cash. There are tobacco seeds in every seed-box in stores, and often

the plants can be got of neighbors as one does cabbage plants. It will not be quite too late to sow the seed while you are reading this, that is: in latitudes north of 40 degrees. But these remarks are timely for next year. During the summer clear off a piece of new land—cut out the small trees and deaden the old ones in a quick way—and sow turnips in the fall, or make preparations to manure an old field, and have it ready. The effects of this war will last for years; the war itself may. It usually takes a farmer a year to prepare for a new crop; often much longer. But *every one can do a little this year*. Fancy the immense amount the North would raise if every farmer planted only one hundred hills. An ounce of Connecticut seed leaf can be had of J. M. Thorburn, No. 16 John street, New York, for 25 cents, post paid, as I see by their advertisement.

I know of many farmers who will plant from one to five acres. They would not have put out a plant if it had not been for the war.

I give you a receipt to prevent tobacco worms, as practiced by many with success, and it shortens the labor on the crop fully half. The worm is hatched from a fly which appears in the evening before dark. About sundown build little fires through the field on stumps, or between the rows; the flies will rush into the blaze, and that will be the end of them.

### BEANS.

Small white navy beans will be wanted. It requires no more labor to raise beans than it does wheat; perhaps a bushel of beans can be raised easiest. They will bring, at least, one-third more, and usually the yield per acre is greater. Put in a quarter, a half, a whole acre, or ten acres. No crop pays better, is surer, or leaves the land in better order.

### FLAX.

There is a strong belief in the minds of many that flax is yet to be crowned king of these realms. There are divers ingenious loyal friends of his laboring night and day to place the crown on his head. Most ancient—in blossom most beautifully blue—how the memories of childhood are restored, when we talk again of flax! When raised for the seed alone, and year after year, it has always been as profitable as wheat. But men will raise wheat, hoping every year to get twenty-five or thirty bushels an acre, and they are deluded like buyers of lottery tickets. Of flax, Virgil says it burns the soil; but if he lived in these days, and raised wheat at 50 cents a bushel, he would call it a burning shame. I hint to the farmers that they had better be thinking of flax-brakes again—of linen sheets and towels, which last, on an average, as long as a human generation—of two pantaloons and shirts, easily dirtied, but easily washed, and so cool as one walks to the meadow with a scythe on the shoulder in the early morning. There have been more true patriotism and more true love beneath homespun linen shirts than beneath cotton ones, and my opinion is that Yankee ingenuity will cause linen to reign at the end of the world the same as at the beginning of it. Farmers! by all means raise flax; in so doing you will be looking forward and be wise.

### WOOL.

He who sends a young, good woolled sheep, to the butcher, is doing his country a wrong. Sales of such should be made to those who have none, or to those who can keep a few more. Sheep should be propagated and handled with as much care as if we had but a few flocks in the country. There are tens of thousands of localities in the West, ungrazed, where, on each, a man can keep 200 sheep at 30 cents a head per year, and in too many other places farmers are raising corn instead of sheep. Wool is worth 45 cents. Corn—I spoke of that before, but a pound of wool can be produced for what it will cost to raise a bushel of corn—or to get a few sticks of cord-wood. The motto of every farmer should be to raise sheep and kill dogs.

More than all—and this is a very important matter—the soil of a farm where many sheep are kept continually increases in value; it is continually impoverished when grain is raised. The very best part of the soil of hundreds of thousands of our farms is annually transported to Europe in the shape of grain, much of it is exchanged for wool, and all of

it for what we ought to hang our heads in shame for not producing. It is desirable, since we are about it, that this war last long enough to cure us of this folly, and to learn us how to be a self-sustaining nation. And when the war ends we want to see this result—we want to see a man, on buying a piece of broadcloth, know that it is made of wool, and we want to see him hesitate on buying a piece of cotton cloth for fear there may be wool in it. The mythological story of the Golden Fleece conveys the idea of the golden profits of sheep raising.

### ORCHARDS.

Now is the time to plant orchards, because many will neglect or be unable to do so. It is a most fortunate moment for this business, and one who has a taste for it need not fear results if he plant good trees and will inform himself of valuable and late methods of treatment. Here, in Southern Illinois, the Italy of the free states, large orchards are planted this year, and at a future time I mean to astonish readers by giving an account of what has been done here with fruit for the past few years. Some fancy the business likely to be overdone, but this story has always been told, and yet there are no 100 trees of good fruit anywhere in the country which are not worth more than any ten acres of grain. I know of an orchard of fine bearing trees, 4,000 in number, which were set out four years ago this coming May. Foolish and lazy farmers, what have you been doing that you have not orchards of fine fruit? Among six millions of people in the West, forty-nine families in fifty are without apples in winter, much less have they pears and early peaches. A nation given to fruit-growing always is educated and wealthy; exclusively grain-growing, ignorant and poor. The highest civilization is impossible where there are few orchards. Arouse, farmers, emulate the soldier marching daily to new conquests, and by your industry and intelligence force from an unwilling Nature her magnificent treasures.

## Useful Receipts.

**COLD-CREAM.**—The best cold-cream, and the only thing of the kind that is really softening and healing to the skin, is made as follows: take two ounces of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and a pint of sweet oil, put altogether in a jar, place on the hob close to a good fire, let the ingredients melt and remain molten for some time, stirring them occasionally. When cold, the preparation is complete. Scent of any kind, though agreeable to the olfactory nerves, is injurious to the skin, and should not be added to the cold cream.

**SOILED CARPETS.**—When soiled, carpets may be cleaned after beating with the following mixture: Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth.

**KID GLOVES.**—A simple method of cleaning white or light-colored kid gloves, is to dip a bit of flannel in a lather made of milk and curd-soap, and gently rub the glove till the soils disappear; a wooden mould of a hand of suitable size greatly facilitates this operation, but if you have none you must put the glove on your own hand.

**STONE JUGS versus TIN CANS FOR FRUITS.**—W. B. B., of Southern Minnesota, writes thus:—"Here at the West, tin cans cost at least 33 cents per gallon, and can be used but once, to which must be added considerable more if you live far from the tinman. The 'self-sealers' cost 45 cents a quart here! Stone jugs cost only a 'York shilling' (121 cents) per gallon, and will last for years. On three years' trial we find the jugs preserve fruit better than tin cans. We fill the jugs while standing on a hot stove; and while the contents are boiling hot, close them with a cork or nicely-fitting plug of soft wood, covering with melted sealing wax or resin."

**REMARKS.**—After using hundreds of tin cans, common and self-sealing, we have discarded them entirely, and advise others to do so, on account of the danger there always is of the corrosion of the tin and the production of poisonous salts. Well glazed stone ware jars, bottles, or jugs, answer well. We prefer glass, however. The dark colored glass is cheap. We use wide-necked bottles, one and two quart sizes—mostly quarts—corking while hot, wiping clean and dry, and covering with cement made of one pound of resin with about one ounce of tallow melted together. The bottles are then set necks downward in small tin patty-pans, costing a penny a-piece, or in old saucers if these be on hand, and cement enough is dipped in to completely envelope the top of the bottle-neck. This entirely shuts out access of air. If the bottles be filled with hot fruits, and be corked and sealed while still hot, the pressure is always insured, but the tin or saucer covers prevent the cork being forced in by the air. We merely heat the fruits through in a kettle, dip them into the jars, or glass bottles of any kind, and seal as above. The experience of two years proves this mode to be the cheapest and best.—*Am. American Agriculturist.*

### CHOICE RECEIPTS.

**TOMATO FRUIT.**—Scald and remove the skin of 8 pounds tomatoes: cook them in 3 pounds sugar, till they are clear: take them out with a spoon, (with as little juice as possible), on dishes, to be dried in the sun, or a cool oven, occasionally turning them. When dry, pack them in a box, sprinkling sugar between the layers: these taste like figs. The round, middle size tomatoes are the best.

**WHIPS.**—Grate the peel of 1 lemon in 1 pint cream: sweeten to taste: whip it well: beat the whites of 3 eggs and mix. Put apple jelly, seasoned with lemon, in the bottom of jelly-glasses, and, as the froth rises, put it on the tops.

## The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 13 letters.

My 7, 2, 6, 13, 10, is a name of a country in Europe.

My 7, 4, 6, 6, 4, 10, is an American poet.

My 3, 2, 3, 11, 8, 10, is a city in France.

My 5, 11, 3, 2, is a volcano in Europe.

My 10, 2, 3, 2, is the principal city in Arabia.

My 8, 13, 4, 12, is a county in New York.

My 10, 8, 4, 3, 12, is a river in France.

My 9, 13, 2, 3, 1, 11, was a celebrated Indian chief.

My whole was a man of great talent.

### ENIGMA FOR GAMMEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 26 letters.

My 3, 24, 10, 22, 14, 17, is a small quadruped having feet of an unequal length.

My 1, 11, 15, 6, 20, 8, 9, 26, was an engine formerly used in war.

My 18, 4, 1, 17, 15, 21, are the people of a certain city.

My 16, 13, 7, 2, 5, signifies plain.

My 13, 23, 8, 24, is a kind of hill.

My 17, 19, 6, 20, 25, is a fixed star in the constellation Perseus.

My whole, as a cadet at West Point, excelled in walking, skating and horsemanship, and is now, in our Union army, second to none as a commander.

An answer is requested.

### ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 30 letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is what some players do.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a title.

My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is the name of a brave man.

My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is found in the country.

My whole is the name of a renowned man.

### CHARADE.

'Twas midnight, and the battle plain  
Was strewn with dead and dying;  
And gallant men, who scorned to yield,  
Upon that fatal battle-field,  
In their last sleep were lying.

The moon refused to give her light  
On such a ghastly scene;  
The stars drew back as though the fright  
And horrors of that dreadful night,  
Had dimmed each lustrous beam.

Upon his side—life ebbing fast—  
A wounded captain lay;  
Death's hand was o'er his visage cast,  
His last sigh mingled with the blast,  
And calmly passed away.

My gallant first, who by his side  
Had fought that fearful day,  
Saw where the shot wound, gaping wide,  
Had torn him down in manhood's pride,  
And bore his soul away.

"Thou wast," he cried, "the first to go  
Wherever glory beckoned;  
Honored alike by friend and foe,  
The cruel ball that laid thee low,  
Why did it not my second?"

"But my third will lay thee in thy grave,  
And mourn with all my soul;  
Then I will go me forth my way,  
Since now I feel to Heaven's decree,  
My duty is my whole." A. B.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
My first is an animal.

My second is a measure.

My whole is a part of a gun.

### MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
In a certain square field the diagonal measure across the field, from the first to the third corner thereof, is 30 perches more than one of its four equal sides. What is the number of acres contained in that field